

## 100 bad days by iridescentpetrichor

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, no graphic violence but steve does punch tommy in the face

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Steve Harrington, Tommy Hagan

**Relationships:** Steve Harrington/Reader

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**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

“Remember that year when you invited Tommy and Carol over and we all got super drunk?”

Steve let out a loud laugh, throwing his head back against the bathroom wall. “God, and I broke both of my thumbs!”

You shifted your spot on the floor so you could face him better. “I still don’t know how you managed to do that, I mean Carol and I left so she could throw up and I was gone for five minutes!”

He groaned, covering his face with his hands. “Oh my god, I felt so dumb.”

## 100 bad days

“Remember that year when you invited Tommy and Carol over and we all got super drunk?”

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You shifted your spot on the floor so you could face him better. “I still don’t know how you managed to do that, I mean Carol and I left so she could throw up and I was gone for *five minutes!*”

He groaned, covering his face with his hands. “Oh my god, I felt so dumb.”

When the laughter died down the only sound around you was the bass from the music playing at the party outside the room. Steve looked up from his hands, smile still wide on his face.

“What?”

“Nothing, I just like hanging out with you.” He muttered. “I’m glad we went to this party.”

“We’ve barely been out there.” Steve laughed, and you took the opportunity to admire him. It was no secret that Steve Harrington was attractive. “I like hanging out with you too. And I’m glad we dropped Tommy and Carol.”

“God, yeah. A lot less drinking too much.” He nodded.

“A lot less throwing up in your bathroom.”

“Yeah, that’s not the worst thing that’s happened to me in a bathroom.” Steve laughed dryly, and you sucked in a breath.

Right. *Nancy*.

It had been about four months since they’d broken up, and you still

didn't know if he was even over her.

After a short pause, Steve stood up, holding his hand out to you.

"Wanna get back out there?" He asked, hoping to relieve the sudden tension in the room.

With a nod, you took his hand and followed him out of the bathroom. Your hands lingered for a moment once you left the cramped bathroom, before they both fell to your sides. You held back a frown at the lack of warmth in your hand, smiling up at Steve as you moved through the crowd to get to the punch.

You grabbed two cups, filling them and handing one off to Steve before moving towards the makeshift dancefloor in the living room of Stacy Thompson's house.

"Y/N-"

"Come on, it'll be fun!" You had to raise your voice over the music, not caring to turn to see if Steve was following you. You knew he was.

By the time you reached the dancefloor, the song changed to a song you knew. Excitedly, you turned to Steve, grabbing his free hand in yours. He jumped back, raising his drink in an attempt to keep it from spilling on the expensive carpet.

"Whoa!" He says, a smile growing on his face.

"Dance with me, Steve!" You pull him towards the middle of the room, haphazardly taking a sip of your punch.

Reluctantly, he set his drink down on a nearby table and began to sway along to the music with you. You downed the rest of the punch and tossed it behind you with a grin. Steve sighed, mimicking the smile on your face as he took your other hand.

The moment was nice, and you prayed to anyone listening that nothing would ruin it.

Evidently no one was listening, because it wasn't long before you felt

cold liquid spill down the back of your shirt followed by all too familiar laughter.

“Fucking- shit!” You shrieked, reeling back and nearly falling into Steve’s arms.

“Oh, whoops. I think you got a little something-” Tommy’s smug face made you want to scream, but you stood stock still as the punch seeped into your shirt.

“Tommy, what the hell?” You don’t hear Steve get *angry* often, so the sternness in his voice makes your gaze snap from Tommy to him.

“It was an accident, Stevie-boy!” Tommy sneered, and you couldn’t help but notice that a couple people were staring. You suddenly regretted wanting to be in the middle of the dancefloor, sinking closer to Steve.

“I’m sure.” He muttered, placing a protective hand on your arm before stepping forward.

“What’re you gonna do Stevie, hit me? You couldn’t even take the Byers freak.” His voice was low, and you felt Steve’s grip tighten on your arm.

When he didn’t react, Tommy laughed loudly, turning to the kids around you that were paying attention.

“Would you look at that, King Steve really has turned bitch! Next thing you know your little girlfriend over here won’t be able to stand you either-” Steve’s fist connected with his face before he could say another word. You jumped back, eyes wide, barely registering that Tommy called you his *girlfriend*.

The world felt like it was in slow motion as you watched Tommy stumble to the ground, hand clutching his cheek. He was quick to recover, jumping back up and throwing a punch Steve’s way. You cringed, reaching out and grabbing Steve’s shirt gently to try to pull him from the fight. Tommy looked your way, his smile turning into more of a grimace.

“What, do you need your little *pet* to protect you from the big bad

bullies of Hawkins High?” He reached for your arm, and before you could react Steve had Tommy on the ground.

“*Don’t fucking call her that.*” You heard before Steve threw another punch.

It didn’t take an idiot to realize Steve was clearly winning the fight, keeping Tommy on the ground as he hurled insults you didn’t care to listen to. While he wasn’t actively hurting Tommy anymore, you didn’t know how long it would be before someone like Billy would come along and decided to defend the shitbag.

“*Steve!*” He finally looked up when you spoke. You grabbed his arm, pulling him up onto his feet and towards the exit. He let you drag him outside of the house, only stopping in front of his car. “Jesus, Steve.” You muttered, folding your arms and sighing.

“Sorry, I uh, think I got a bit carried away there.” He kept his gaze on the sidewalk, hands in his pockets now.

“Well, thank you for defending my honor I guess.” Despite how worried you were about the growing bruise on Steve’s cheek, you cracked a smile.

“Yeah.” A ghost of a smile made its way onto Steve’s face before he fished his keys out of his pocket and unlocking his car.

When Steve started to drive back to your place, you glanced at his fist. A sigh escaped your lips as you realized you’d have to clean Steve up after recklessly getting into a fight again.

*At least he won this time.* You thought, remembering all too well the day Jonathan rightfully kicked his ass.

Steve put the car in park, and you looked outside to see that you were already at your house.

“Come on.” You said, getting out of the car. He gave you a strange look before complying.

“Why?” He asked as he followed you up the driveway and into your home.

“Well, someone’s gotta clean you up.” You grabbed his uninjured hand, pulling him up the stairs to the bathroom.

“Funny how we always end up here.” Steve smiles, taking a seat on the ground

“Funny how you keep getting into trouble.” You retort, grabbing the first aid kit under the sink and getting to work.

**Author's Note:**

steve absolutely RADIATES ajr energy!!! karma and burn the house down felt like they were MEANT for him!!!!